No, Daddy

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No, Daddy

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Summary

“I’m sore,” he replied after a while. “I’m still sore, Daddy, I don’t want to play.”

“Then use your special word,” Hannibal told him

Will is being a fussy, bratty boy, and Hannibal wants to play with him.

Notes

There's some consensual non-consent in this fic, so careful going in! Everything *is* entirely consensual between two adults sound of mind and body. But some language may be triggering. Be safe babies <3

Written for an awesome kinkmeme friendo who asked for sore and cranky Will and Hannibal overstimulating him because he's just like that.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Will.”

“No.” He even stamped his foot this time, though the impact of his tempestuous childish petulance was muted somewhat by the fact that Will was drinking a beer. His glare was on the money, though, and his pout hit home. Hannibal’s eyes narrowed.

“Will,” he repeated. “You know you have to give a reason if you’re refusing something. It’s one of the rules.” He tapped the fridge, where said rules were laminated and held up by bright magnets. Will’s pout deepened, lower lip plump and pink against the upper.

“I’m sore,” he replied after a while. “I’m still sore, Daddy, I don’t want to play.”

“Then use your special word,” Hannibal told him with a shrug, watching his boy turn his head away, one heel kicking back against a loose cupboard door, over and over, deliberately annoying, deliberately *rude* . “Stop that.”

Will made a whining sound in his throat and threw his head back, chin jutted out as he stared at Hannibal. They both knew he wouldn’t use his safeword. They both knew if he truly didn’t want this he’d break character. They both knew that sometimes Will had to be made to do things in order to enjoy them.

“Can’t we just cuddle?” Will asked, the whine still carrying on his tone.

“Daddy had a long day,” Hannibal explained, stepping closer, watching Will set his beer aside and curl his fingers against the counter. “And was looking forward to coming home to his good boy and making him feel so nice… and instead I came home to this.”

Will flushed, but didn’t ease his expression. There was a tension in him that radiated outward, perhaps he was sore - Hannibal had deeply, thoroughly fucked his boy the night before, until Will was almost screaming with the overstimulation - perhaps he was in a mood. No matter. Daddy’s house, Daddy’s rules. And Daddy’s rules said Daddy’s word was law.

“Do I have to discipline you, Will?”

“No,” Will groused, with a petulant frown on his face.

“It sounds as though I do.” Hannibal crowded into Will’s space, cupping his jaw in the palm of his hand. “It sounds as though you need a rather thorough reminder of your manners.” His other hand slid down Will’s spine, grabbing a tight handful of Will’s backside, his grip bruising. Will whined, tilting his head back to try another tactic.

“Daddy,” he whimpered, eyelashes fluttering. “I’m sorry, it’s just that it hurts so bad.” Will was laying it on thick, voice high, eyes wet. He knew Hannibal could see through him, but his expression was more amused than anything else.

“I see. Do you need Daddy to kiss it better?”

Will hesitated.

On the one hand, Hannibal's mouth was a wonder. He'd never failed to bring Will to a sobbing orgasm with his lips and tongue. On the other hand, Hannibal would almost definitely use rimming as a prelude to fingering Will open, and once Will was pinned beneath him on the bed, he'd be impossible to stop. His size and strength were appealing in a Daddy, right up until Will didn't want to do something.

"Sweet boy," Hannibal whispered in his ear, "why don't you let Daddy make it feel better?"

Will bit his lip, reaching out to set his hands to Hannibal's sides, wrapping around him in an embrace.

"Because I wanna make *Daddy* feel good today," he tried. It was always a game with them, back and forth like a tennis match until someone missed. It didn't matter who won in the end, one's victory was another's pleasure.

"It would make Daddy feel good to take care of his boy," Hannibal countered, pulling back enough to set his forehead to Will's, caressing his face, holding him possessively close as he watched his resistance fade bit by bit as he knew it would. Had Will truly not wanted contact, had he truly wanted to be left alone, he would have used his voice and said so.

"Let Daddy make it better," he murmured, feeling the shivered sigh of Will's acceptance against his lips before he kissed him.

Just once.

Just chastely.

Will turned his face against him in a nuzzle. "Okay, Daddy."

"Let's go upstairs, hmm? Then you can get undressed for Daddy to have a look at what's hurting."

Will was almost skittish as they went up to the bedroom, keeping just shy of Hannibal's hands. He was distrustful, and with good reason; Hannibal's favorite hobby was overwhelming him until he screamed. He was determined not to let himself be pinned.

Hannibal undid the button on his cuffs, rolling up his sleeves. "Show me where it hurts," He said, his voice deep and gravelly. That voice would be Will's undoing.

Will toyed with his belt, playacting at a shyness he was well past. He wriggled out of his shirt, knowing from experience it would only be a heat trap otherwise. He stripped all the way down to his boxers and then gave Hannibal the pleading look from earlier.

"It's embarrassing, Daddy. You always stare."

Will did some staring of his own, of course, but it was different to be the center of such intense focus. Hannibal crossed the room to nuzzle under his jaw. "Do I have my shy boy today? Since when are we hesitant around each other?"

Will smiled, lifting his head to give Hannibal better access. When Hannibal's hands set to the waistband of his underwear Will squirmed, a happy sound escaping him when Hannibal bared him anyway.

Hannibal's lips traveled lower as his hands did; to Will's chest as the boxers slipped to his knees, to Will's belly when they were at his ankles. Hannibal kissed reverently over Will's groin as he helped his boy step out of his clothes and then looked up the length of his body.

"Here, sweet boy?" He asked, teasing dry lips over the head of Will's cock. Will giggled and shook his head, bringing a hand to his mouth as he watched Hannibal worship his body with kisses and sighs. "Lower?"

Will shook his head again, slower. Hannibal's eyes were ravenous, his hands wandering. He grasped Will's ass again, squeezing incrementally more as he spread him and Will winced, teeth bright as his lip curled. Hannibal hummed.

"Turn around for me."

Will shook his head, brows furrowing as his teeth worried his bottom lip and his blush overtook his face in a slow crawl. But he turned, obedient and lovely, for Hannibal to kiss over his tailbone next.

"Here?"

"You're close," Will said, biting back another giggle. Hannibal's hands parted his cheeks, a thumb dragging over his hole, and Will gasped, twisting in Hannibal's grasp. "Hurts, Daddy."

"You're very red," Hannibal noted. He sounded proud of himself. "Bend over, Will, let me get a good look."

This was where things got tricky, where Hannibal could easily gain the upper hand. If he wanted to take Will to pieces again, Will wasn't going to make it easy on him.

Will stepped towards the bed warily. He bent over the foot board, rather than the side, purposefully trying to make it more difficult for Hannibal to get him all the way onto the mattress. Hannibal knelt behind him, nudging his ankles apart and leaning in to press a chaste kiss over Will's entrance.

Will bit his lip on a pained little noise and ducked his head, hands sliding on the sheets until he rested on his elbows, stomach tense to keep himself ready to move. In truth, he *did* hurt, a *lot* . Hannibal had fucked him so thoroughly the night before he'd had to spend an hour after bringing Will back to earth again. And Will had been euphoric, ecstatic. He hardly regretted it, but his body was human, it needed rest and recovery. Hannibal, on the other hand, seemed entirely immune to pain.

Chaste kisses became soft licks, became more insistent and warm, and Will moaned. "Daddy -"

"What is it darling?"

“Hurts.”

“Daddy’s kissing it better.”

Will bit his lip not to laugh, not to moan. It was at once humiliatingly pornographic yet entirely accurate. He was tilting between the Little mindset that let him float, and himself; tense, concerned, thinking too much. He wasn’t supposed to be thinking at all. Daddy helped with that. That was Daddy’s job.

When Hannibal slipped his tongue into Will he gasped, eyes wide, pain singing through him, electric up his spine.

“Fuck,” he sighed, biting his lip as Hannibal drew back a hand and spanked him.

“Language,” he murmured, drawing his teeth gently over the curve of Will’s ass. “You know Daddy doesn’t like that kind of language.”

“But it *hurts* ,” Will protested, pushing up onto his toes. Hannibal brought him back down with a warm palm rubbing soothing circles over his back.

“Shh, it’s alright, little one. Daddy will take care of it.”

But he didn’t. He hauled Will back by the hips and opened him back up again, licking over and into him, drawing out Will’s little whimpers. Will dug his fingers into the bedding and his toes into the carpet, trying to ignore the way his cock steadily responded.

Hannibal pulled back and kissed gently over one soft cheek. “Up on the bed, baby.”

Will shook his head. Hannibal pinched sharply at his thigh.

“Do as you’re told, Will.”

“Don’t want to. It’ll hurt.”

“It will hurt a lot more if I take you dry,” Hannibal warned. “I can’t reach the lubricant from here.” He didn’t make empty threats. Will scrambled up onto the mattress.

He squirmed around to sit back against the headboard, knees up to his chest as Hannibal paced lazily around the bed and started to undress. Will ate him up with his eyes as Hannibal undressed, a slow, lazy slide of his shirt down his arms, a very deliberate flick of his belt as he pulled it from the loops of his pants. Will swallowed, ducking his lips down against his knees with a squeak of pleasure.

Hannibal smiled, stepping up to the side of the bed as he undid his pants. “Sweet boy,” he told him gently, and Will blushed. “Stretch out for me, let Daddy see his boy.”

Will curled his toes and stretched them before releasing his knees from his arms and stretching his legs out in front of him. Hannibal watched, first slipping his slacks down his legs, then hooking his thumbs in his underwear as Will wriggled his butt further down the

bed and lay down for him, still turned to look at his Daddy. When Hannibal reached out to set a warm palm to Will's thigh, he gently spread his legs.

"There's my good boy," Hannibal said, taking the lube from the top drawer and setting it to the bed before climbing into it to hold himself over Will. "Daddy's obedient, beautiful boy."

Will grinned, nodding, and reached up to run his fingers through the hair on Hannibal's chest. He was a stunning man. Will's body responded to him without his mind's express permission, always. He arched up when Hannibal leaned in and opened his mouth for a kiss.

"Legs wide, baby boy," Hannibal whispered against him, setting his knees between Will's and deliberately starting to spread him, pushing against Will's mild resistance.

Will pouted up at him his hands still braced on Hannibal's chest. He spread only when Hannibal started to force him open with rough hands, hissing at the soreness.

"Do you need my fingers?" Hannibal asked, bending to bite at one of Will's nipples. "Or are you still nice and open from last night?"

Will hesitated. He wasn't, but if he asked to be stretched, Hannibal would play and tease and everything would go on for much longer. If he just let Hannibal fuck him, there was a chance he could get Hannibal to come quickly and be done with it, and then maybe he could squeeze in some non-sexual daddy time before they both passed out.

"I just want *you* , Daddy," he said, arching his back for Hannibal to tease the other nipple. "Please? Just you, inside me."

Hannibal reached for the lube with a small, knowing smile that said he saw right through Will's manipulations. "There's my good boy. I knew you could be sweet for me." He slicked himself, pulling Will's legs up around his hips as he pushed forward.

Will cried out, turning his face away. It hurt. It *hurt* , fuck it hurt so much. But he kept his lips pressed tightly closed, keeping his whimpers quiet, just his heavy breathing and blush suggesting how affected he was by this. Hannibal bent to suck a bruise against his boy's throat.

"So tight for me, baby," he sighed, grinning wide, letting his teeth draw against Will's skin to chase goosebumps over it. "Almost like I didn't even fuck you at all."

"Daddy -"

"Hmm?" Hannibal pulled back, shoving mercilessly back into his boy, catching Will's hair in a rough grip when he tried to squirm away. "Stay right where you are, lovely boy, let Daddy take care of you."

"Daddy, no -"

"Be good."

“It *hurts* -” Will sobbed, biting his lip and pushing the heels of his hands against Hannibal’s chest, putting up as much of a fight as he could without outright safewording out. “It hurts, Daddy, stop, please stop, please -”

“You feel so good, Will,” Hannibal whispered, licking the shell of Will’s ear until he shivered. “So good for Daddy.”

Will scrabbled at Hannibal’s chest, until Hannibal took his hands and pinned them above his head. His other hand cupped Will’s ass, tilting him up higher to thrust deeper into him. The pain sent a shock through Will that tore his breath from him completely, before he began to thrash again.

“No! No no no you’re *hurting me* , Daddy!”

They hadn’t done anything like this before. They’d done pieces of it - pushing Will to overstimulation, playacting non consent - but never had Will been brought to this much soreness and suffering and then been fucked through it. He straddled the line between tapping out and dropping entirely, his headspace pulling at him, begging him to let go and leave everything to Daddy, Daddy knew best, even if it hurt.

“You don’t like it?” Hannibal murmured. His grip tightened on Will’s wrists, tight enough to bruise as he angled his hips up, aiming for Will’s prostate. “You liked it last night. Do you need help, sweetheart? It’s okay to ask.”

Will gasped as Hannibal found his sweet spot and ground against it, wrapping his hand tight around Will’s cock. Pleasure spread through the pain, like colors in an oil spill, overlapping and twisted together.

“Daddy,” Will moaned, thighs tightening around Hannibal's hips.

“That’s better,” Hannibal whispered, kissing Will’s cheek gently, his hips moving just as roughly, pushing just as deeply, but now he held Will in the thrall of his own pleasure. He could feel that precipice, that edge that Will was skirting, and eased him over it. “You beautiful thing, you drive me insane.”

“Oh -” Will shoved his heels against the bed and arched his back, turning his wrists where Hannibal held them, lifting his chin for Hannibal to kiss beneath.

The pain was still there, exhausting him, leeching his desire from him, but Hannibal was there to feed it back to him. Will was nothing but a conduit, nothing but a vessel for sensations that were almost too much for him to handle. So he kissed Hannibal, bit against his lips, pushed his tongue to slide against his and moaned.

He was safe, he was held, he was told what to do and had to be good, that’s all he had to be. No responsibilities, no overthinking, nothing but Daddy and his instructions, Daddy and his pleasures.

“Did you miss me today, Will?”

Will nodded quickly, eyes half open as he watched Hannibal. The pressure of his pleasure was gathering hot and impossible to ignore at the base of his spine, in the warm hollow of his belly.

“I don’t like when you go to work,” he told him. “I don’t like when you leave me alone.”

“I know,” Hannibal told him, teasing his thumb over the head of Will’s cock, holding himself still, deep within his boy, as he worked Will to incoherent whimpering. “I spent all day thinking of my pretty boy just like this for me.”

“Daddy!”

“Spread wide and whimpering, and leaking wet against my hand, just like this,”

“Oh, God, Daddy, feels good.”

“Let it,” Hannibal said, pulling in long strokes as Will’s whines tumbled from him. “Come for me, just like this. Open and filled, squeezing around my cock. Let me feel you come, baby boy.”

Will’s back arched, his body tight as a bowstring, holding himself back until it was too much, until pleasure crashed in waves over him and he spilled all over his stomach. “Daddy,” he gasped, “Daddy, *oh* .”

“Such a mess you’ve made,” Hannibal murmured, wiping his hand against Will’s chest. “And so much tighter when you find your pleasure. Can you do it again for me?”

“What?” Will mumbled dazedly, blinking you at Hannibal.

Hannibal drew back and rocked his hips into Will again, deep and rough. His hand wrapped tight around Will’s slick and sensitive cock. “Come again for Daddy, sweetheart, let me feel you.”

Will whined, shaking his head with a pout, back to being a petulant and squirmy thing. “Daddy, no!”

“Come on, sweet boy,” Hannibal coaxed, giving Will no choice in the matter. He nipped against Will’s jaw, caught his lips in a brutal kiss before easing his lips wet over his cheek. “You want to make Daddy feel good, right?”

Will gasped, drawing his knees up around Hannibal as he fucked into him. Pain and pleasure weren’t separate entities anymore, they both burned white beneath his skin and caught behind his teeth like a scream.

“Yeah,” he managed finally, barely able to keep a breath in his lungs.

“Let Daddy help you do that,” Hannibal purred, shifting himself back enough to tease the head of his cock over Will’s tormented prostate until he was sobbing, voice pulling high and aching. “Let Daddy make you come.”

Will felt weightless, he felt ephemeral, he felt beyond human.

Worshiped, worthy, wanted…

Hannibal's breath hitched above him and Will's arousal spiked like a flare. "D-Daddy please… please help me be good."

"Always, sweetheart. Anything you need. Stay still for me." He released Will's wrists so he could grab his hips instead, without having to let go of his cock, hard again and so sensitive that Will was crying with every stroke.

"Hurts," Will sobbed, though he was no longer struggling. He laid still for Hannibal, letting himself be fucked, letting himself be jarred up the bed. "Daddy, hurts so bad…"

Hannibal hushed him with a kiss, one Will returned sloppily, barely able to focus. He was gone, nothing more than sensation as Hannibal kept pushing him.

The second orgasm came easier, piggybacking off the sensations of the first, but when it came, it was blinding. Will shrieked, thrashing beneath Hannibal as Hannibal stroked him through it, every touch a unique agony. Hannibal had to pin him down bodily, releasing his softening cock to hold him in place for Hannibal's brutal rocking.

"Nooo…" Will sobbed weakly. "No more, Daddy, no more!"

"Almost there," Hannibal growled into his throat, "almost, my good boy, just a bit more for me."

Will sobbed and wrapped his arms up under Hannibal's shoulders to cling to him. He didn't complain - he couldn't. He took what Hannibal gave him, riding out his Daddy's release and taking the kisses Hannibal peppered over his cheeks, kissing away the tears there.

When Hannibal slipped free of him, Will gasped and immediately curled up, legs drawn up to his stomach as he turned away. Hannibal shifted to lay behind him, tugging his boy back against him, soothing a warm palm over his belly.

"Remarkable boy," Hannibal praised him, nosing at Will's sweaty curls as he let his boy cry, let the overwhelming energy find release through sound and heat and tears. "My precious, sweet boy, I love you."

Will's breathing hitched and he searched blindly for Hannibal's hand to cling to him, making himself as small as possible for his Daddy to protect him, take care of him. He knew Hannibal loved him. He felt loved. With every push and every game there was encouragement, there was growth, there was desire stoked to a brutal, blinding flame.

Despite the sparks of agony, Will felt alive, he felt free, he felt the most relaxed he had in *days* .

"Daddy," he breathed. Hannibal hummed against him, kissing the sensitive skin behind his ear. "Can we have a bath later? With bubbles?"

Hannibal’s smile narrowed his eyes until he closed them, stroking Will’s curls from his face and kissing his temple. “Of course, sweet boy. Anything you want.”

Will smiled, sniffed, and turned his face into the pillow, fingers squeezing Hannibal’s. “Just want you.” he mumbled.

End Notes

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